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The Gift of
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Rec'd. 13th Sept.
1856.

LYRIC POEMS,

SONNETS AND MISCELLANIES.

BY

G E O R G E L U N T.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

M DCCC LIV.

AL 2398.31

1854. Oct. 3

Spec. 3.

For the Committee

of the American

THURSTON, TORRY, AND EMERSON, PRINTERS.

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P O E M S.

SONNET.

BORN, not of fickle fancy in the brain,
Nor nursed by wild caprice's morbid flame,
But with a nobler hope and loftier aim,
I speed my venture to the open main ;
There let it bide what fortune wills ; to gain
Some shining leaf of honor's wreath sublime,
Or, shipwrecked on the shallow banks of time,
Unhonored sink,—but oh, without a stain.
Truth, Love, the patriot's hope, its manly themes,
Old voices of the minstrel's noblest art,
Who, to the beating of the world's great heart,
Chanted, in lofty rhyme, his generous dreams.
The world grows old, they say,—but oh, once more
Come Faith and burning thought and high emprise of
yore.

THE POET.

THE poet sits by his own fire-side,
Alone and afar from the worldly din,
And choicest guests at his bidding glide
To smile on his gentle welcome in ;
Heart-friends they are, and with them oft
He holds some converse sweet and new,
And they reply with accent soft
To all his questions kind and true.

First enters in a palmer-wight,
Much scoffed at on the king's highway,
And marked with stains of many a slight
The outside of his amice gray.
Though deeply versed in varied lore,
Of all true riches holds the key,
Yet few will own a friend so poor
As homely, wise HUMILITY.

The next, one common blush would rise
On good society's whole face,
If she, whose only drapery is
Her own sweet charms, should there take place!
What, all unveiled! 't were shame to brook,—
Shocking to Age and ill for Youth!
Yet he invites and dares to look
The blushless bard on naked TRUTH!

Modest as Nubia's unclad daughters,
Though close beside her, like a shade,
A fiery gallant, ripe for slaughters,
But best in weeds of peace arrayed;
He, FREEDOM, lord of crag-built places,
And sands, where dusky wanderers roam,
On breezy hills the wild-deer chases,
But makes the poet's heart his home.

And one, more gay than summer fairy,
That trips o'er meads, in moonlit dances,
A shape, whose infinite vagary,
Round heaven and earth each moment glances;

And wet with dew from Nature's bowers,
Her flowing locks like star-beams glisten,
Her robe of azure,—freaked with flowers,—
What bard to FANCY would not listen?

From friends like these forever learning,
The poet's heart is like a river,
Whose generous current, unreturning,
Flows onward to life's sea forever;
With golden music, sweet and earnest,
It mingles with that sullen ocean,
And gives its softest voice or sternest,
To ease the world's pent-up emotion.

Love owes him thus his soft revealings,
And Grief's mute heart by woe were riven,
But he finds words to melt her feelings,
And wafts the soul of Hope to heaven.
And still when Freedom slept or languished,
His cheering strains have broke the fetter,
Yet he, too oft, pines lone and anguished,
While all the world's his thankless debtor.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

1843

Offt have I read in many a foreign tale,

 Oh nightingale !

From thy love-laden heart how song's full soul

 Warbled would roll ;

While, through the livelong night, from thy clear throat,

 The ravishing note,

With such entrancing melody would gush,

 That winds grew hush,

As every funeral fall and conquering rise

 Challenged the skies.

Thus often, where the fragrant summer roves

 Thessalian groves,

And wind-swept isles of beauty nightly sigh

 Sweet elegy ;

And lovers' vows grew rapturous, as they heard,

 Listening the bird ;

So could the solemn song enchant the sense
To joy intense ;
And Grief's sad heart, by that Æolian strain,
Rapt of its pain,
Forgot the memory of its midnight tears
And wasting years.

There, under bowers and wreathéd canopies
Of moonlit trees,
And starry constellations gleaming through
The twilight dew,
The poet's heart in that delicious stream
Bathed every dream,
And thence some hue of heaven his fancy stole,
With music's soul ;
And the deep measure, loaded with such freight,
Floated elate ;
Far o'er the worldly way and common haunt
Swelled the clear chant,
Like the first bird that, ere the day is born,
Mounts to the morn,
Leaves night below, and catches, as she springs,
Heaven on her wings.

Oh for a vintage draught, full-fraught like this,
 To meet my kiss,
Filled to the blushing brim with dreams of old
 And bubbling gold !
Some breath of voice divine, or chorded shell,
 Of golden spell,
That to the longing soul responds and clings,
 And gives it wings ;
Or such deep minstrelsies, oh nightingale,
 As thy lorn wail ;
That fill the minstrel-heart, till raptures make
 The heart-strings break,
Breathing life out in the long melody
 Of one sweet sigh.

THE MAYFLOWER.

SWEET as the honored name
Their storm-tossed shallop bore,
The memory of our fathers' fame,
And green forevermore.

Peace to their hallowed graves,
That consecrate the ground,
Where first a refuge from the waves
Their pilgrim footsteps found.

What mortal sighs and tears
Swelled on that wintry sod !
How cast they all their cares and fears
And every hope on God !

And wild as winds, that sweep
Along the savage shore,
Rose thoughts of homes beyond the deep,
Their pleasant homes no more.

But grander visions greet
Their prophet-lighted eyes,—
They trod the world beneath their feet,
And marched to join the skies.

Triumphant over earth,
Faith, that their spirits fed,
Beamed, like a gem of priceless worth,
On each uplifted head.

No flaming sign they sought
To light their venturous road,
They owned the unseen Hand that wrought,
And in His strength abode.

But to their souls' desire,—
Though dark to mortal view,—
The daily cloud and nightly fire
Shone, clear as Jacob knew.

Vain doubt, and fear, and care,
The desert and the flood,—
They knew the God they served was there,
And in His name they stood.

Thoughts, more than human great,
Came to their spirits' call ;
And thus they built the stable STATE,
In Him, their hope, their all.

And far as rolls the swell
Of Time's returnless sea,
Where empires rise and nations dwell,
Their Pilgrim fame shall be !

BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17.

HILL, on whose green, eternal crest,
The lifted granite stands sublime,
Memorial of their honored rest,
The heroes of an elder time ;
Our rustic sires,— who from the plough
Came thronging to thy mossy brow,
And met the foeman's sheeted flame,
In arms for Freedom's holy name !

What though no more the breeze of June
Bears freighted, on its summer breath,
The whistling bullet's fiery tune,—
The war-voice, with its note of death,—
Yet be, to-day, thy myriad cheers
Like echoes of thy prouder years,
And through a nation stirring roll
The spirit of thine ancient soul !

And oh, 'mid thoughts of selfish fame,
If freemen's hearts no more are bold,
And, sinking to his country's shame,
The patriot's fire burns low and cold,—
What thought like thine,—a world's renown,—
To bid him snatch a generous crown,
And wake to life the freeman's will
'Mid the old fires of Bunker-hill !

THE AMERICAN ENSIGN.

ONE morn, when orient beams were bright,
Just rising on the wakened world,
I saw our flag of glorious light
Its roll of beauty wave unfurled.
High blazed in 'air the flaming fold
And starry azure to the breeze,
Triumphant as o'er fields of old
And victor on the conquered seas.
Refulgent thus in morning's ray,
Methought that standard still should sweep.
Pour on old lands a new-born day,
And freight with freedom all the deep.

But soon, descending on the morn,
Some lurid cloud embattled flew,
Rent the wild skies, by thunders torn,
And all its gathered deluge threw ;

Still, as in battle's fiery front,
I saw my country's flag unrolled
Meet the dread storm's impetuous brunt,
And fling the tempest from its fold.
And thus, methought, though factions rage,
That glorious standard still shall wave,
Hope of the world, through age on age,
And only sink in Freedom's grave !

OUR COUNTRY.¹

'Our country ! right or wrong,'—
What manly heart can doubt
That thus should swell the patriot song,
Thus ring the patriot shout ?
Be but the foe arrayed,
And war's wild trumpet blown,—
Cold were his heart, who has not made
His country's cause his own !

Though faction rule the halls,
Where nobler thoughts have swayed,
One sacred voice forever calls
The patriot's heart and blade ;

¹ Our country, always to be defended, though our country-men may be often in the wrong.

He, at *his country's* name,
 Feels every pulse beat high,
Wreathes round her glory all his fame
 And loves for her to die !

Where'er her flag unrolled
 Wooes the saluting breeze,
Flings o'er the plain its starry fold,
 Or floats on stormy seas,—
All dearest things are there,
 All that makes life divine,
Home, faith, the brave, the true, the fair,
 Cling to the flaming sign.

Oh, is this thought a dream ?
 No,— by the gallant dead,
Who sleep by hill and plain and stream,
 Or deep on ocean's bed !
By every sacred name,
 By every glorious song,
By all we know and love of fame,—
 OUR COUNTRY,— right or wrong !

REQUIEM FOR PRESIDENT TAYLOR,

BOSTON, 1850.

ENSHRINED in glory, as the golden West
Receives the sinking day-star to its bed,
So sinks the patriot-hero to his rest,
And countless blessings crown his honored head.

'Mid hostile armies and exulting strains,
He led our eagles through the bristling line,
And came, victorious, from his battle-plains,
To lay his trophies on his country's shrine.

His country's wishes hailed the patriot-chief,
And met him glorious with a people's trust,
He dies! And mourning with a people's grief,
They weep around their father's sacred dust.

Peace be with him ; no nobler spirit trod
The paths of greatness to a hallowed tomb,
And o'er the laurel-wreath, that decks his sod,
In fresher green eternal olives bloom.

And oh, through long-descending years to come,
Immortal honors shall attend his name,
His country's annals be his memory's home,
And unborn nations love to speak his fame.

BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1840.

We've been up the brave old hill, brother,
Where our fathers went before,
And their gallant spirit still was there,
Unbroken as of yore ;
As fresh and bright the good green sward,
And summer's golden flood
Swept, as of old, the hallowed ground,
That drank our fathers' blood.

We've been up the brave old hill, brother,
Where many a year ago,
Fresh from love's parting kiss they came,
To meet the gathering foe ;
The sheeted flame was all around,
The embattled host beneath,
And ringing on the summer air
The trumpet-voice of death.

We knew, within those manly breasts,
Their hearts beat strong and high,
For home and country's dearer name
They stood, to save or die ;
And, true to every burning hope
The undying spirit craves,
We marked their path through toil and blood,
And blessed our fathers' graves.

And myriads thronged the steep to-day,—
The bold,—the true,—the fair,—
The soft breeze played with youth's bright locks,
And age's reverend hair ;
There was many a form in manhood's prime,
With heart as staunch and tried,
As the hearts that slept beneath their feet,
On the green hill's pleasant side.

From the broad land's utmost verge they came,
With a shout like the forest's roar,
From the lonely vale in the mountain's breast,
And homes by the sea-beat shore ;

Iron men from the frozen North,
And sons of the ocean-isle,—
From the Western wild-wood's primal gloom,
And the sweet South's sunny smile.

We stood on the brave old hill, brother,
In the strength of a holy name,
And burning thoughts upon our hearts
Broke out in words of flame ;
' Free be the blood-bought field,' we cried,
' Free as the broad blue sky !'
And spirit-voices seemed to say,
' Still keep it free, or die ! '

THE EMPEROR'S FUNERAL.

AND rolled in light the silver Seine
Through festal banks its flowery way,—
Shall not an Empire's choral strain
Hail the triumphal day ?
He comes,— and drooped on ocean's foam
His lilyed banner waves unfurled,
Comes, from his sea-beat island, home,
The victor of a world ;
Falls, far away, the chanting surge,
Like echoes of a muttered dirge.

'Tis He, who gave the nations law,
While subject kings around him bowed,—
Nor hushed, as now, in breathless awe,
Stood the gay city's crowd ;
Not then was heard this minute-swell
From sullen throats of iron tone,

Nor then Notre-Dame's funeral bell
Gave voice to such a moan ;
Nor rose between, these notes that flow,
Like airy wailings, full of woe.

He comes, the minion child of Fame,
Who made a hundred fields his own,
And sprang, on conquest's wings of flame,
To his delirious throne !

Oh, if reluctant Fate had given
His youthful eye some prophet-view,
'Mid the wild Sections' crashing levin,—
Of fatal Waterloo,—

Silent, perchance, these spirit tones
Of stifled shrieks and muffled groans !

'Tis He, the Man of Destiny !
Whose cohorts princes proudly led,
Where'er he bade his eagles fly,
Above the slaughtered dead ;
To the same heartless purpose true,
That claimed earth's empires for his own,

In the bright halls of sweet St. Cloud,
On Elba's mimic throne ;
What greetings these, whose sound of fear
Breaks the dread silence of his bier !

From sands, where marble music sings
A song to morning's orient lids,
And lines of long-forgotten kings
Built nameless pyramids ;
From cliffs, where but the Tyrol horn
Had roused the freeman's hunter-band,
To meads, whose flowery breath is borne
Along the Cesar's land,—
Come shadowy voices on the gale,
Of mountain-shout and sobbing wail.

Oh, once he came, on triumph's breath,
From soft Italia's myrtle bowers,
And once, from fields of icy death,
By Moscow's blazing towers ;
And once again, from Belgium's plain,
That groaned with its uncounted dead,

And left his eagles, with its slain,
Trampled and slaughter-red ;
Now, Beresina's shrieking waves
Hail Waterloo's re-opening graves !

He comes once more,—the sullen main
Restores him from his lonely cell,
To sleep, where laves the silver Seine
That France he loved so well ;
He comes,— and all his stormy life,
Whose sun was quenched in clouds and gloom.
No triumph bought, through fiery strife,
Like that which gilds his tomb !
This mockery of a fickle breath
Chanting unmeaning hymns to Death !

Yet where his pageant's ancient soul ?
Sons of St. Louis ! wherefore here ?
Far other tones of woe should roll
Above 'the Emperor's' bier !
Oh where Massena, Lannes, Dessaix,
Through battle's cloud each flaming star ?

He, braver than the bravest, Ney,—
Thy snow-white plume, Murat?
I see, I see, on either hand
They come, they weep, a shadowy band!

Ah yes, Notre-Dame! thy pomp were dull
And strange, if such were wanting there,—
Thy peopled courts are not so full
As is the peopled air!
From sands and crags and rolling streams,
From gory plains and seas of storms,
Rise, like the thronging shapes of dreams,
Their gashed and grisly forms!
And He! 'tis He, whose icy eye
Glares on the painted pageantry!

Oh, could he call one moment back
The flush of his adventurous youth,—
Snatch, from the stain of glory's track,
His heart's first idol, Truth!
Clasp closer still the Passion-flower
He spurned from his unmanly breast,—

Away, false dreams of fruitless power!
And earth had been at rest;—
Nor hollow lies, nor pomp's cold tear,
Nor man, nor fiend had mocked his bier!

THE FRIENDS.

My neighbor John died yesternight,
His happy spirit took its flight,
With every omen good and bright
 Its transit hailing ;
No summer leaf more softly shed,
No murmur o'er a flowery bed
More gently breathed, than when he fled,
 And left us wailing.

As boys, we oft together played,
Where flowers were brightest, there we strayed,
Or stretched beneath the elm-tree shade
 At noonday lying ;
The life behind us was a dream,
Before, a stern and ruffled stream,—
Our souls in fancy there would seem
 With struggles plying.

And I, indeed, a stormy life,
With more than youth could fancy rife,
In toil and sorrow, fear and strife,
 Have aye been ranging ;
But neighbor John, no floweret wild
For danger's steep, but soft and mild,
Forever has remained a child,
 In heart unchanging.

Too good to feel life's fiercer pant,
No wild desires such heart could haunt,
Nor thwarted hope his purpose daunt,
 A simple liver ;
But just enough, his constant prayer,
For his and for his neighbor's share,—
The poor man felt his cheerful care,
 And blest the giver.

His life, a calm and quiet sway,
Old age's welcome urged his stay,
And childhood gladly left its play
 For his caressing ;

Where'er he took his fireside place,
A smile illumined every face,
And thus he ran his daily race,
 A daily blessing.

He saw the world, a phantom-show,
In mad pursuit of nothings go,
Shifting and changing, high and low,
 A hurly-burly;
And sought betimes that better part,
To raise his mind and school his heart,
Heaven's way to win his only art,
 He found it early.

And I, that o'er the dreary main,
My childhood's home have sought in vain,
My ancient friend's old grasp again
 I welcomed gladly;
But gone so soon, alone I trace,
And vacant, each familiar place,
I mark, alas, each stranger face,
 And miss him sadly.

THE WIND.

THE Wind has voices, that defy
The spirit's utmost scrutiny ;
We shudder at its sobbing wail,
And shrink, when howls the rolling gale,
And even its softest breath is heard,
Like some half-muttered saddening word ;
Of all its tones, there is no voice
That bids the thrilling heart rejoice.

The sailor, on the silent seas,
May long to hail the freshening breeze ;
The blast, that hurls the spattered foam,
Will waft him to his distant home ;
Yet while the loosening sail he flings,
That gives his floating bird its wings,
His manly breast will often feel
Some strange, dread fancy o'er it steal.

When crouched beside the wintry blaze,
And midnight sings its wonted lays,
The music of the mingling tune,
Now rising high and falling soon,—
The wailing and complaining tone
Might be a laugh, though more a moan,—
But wild, or sad, or high, or low,
It ever takes a note of woe.

I've seen it stir the nested rills
Amid the topmost Crystal Hills,
Have watched it drive the clashing clouds,
And shriek along the shaken shrouds,—
Dread! strange! the same, in every hour,
Resistless, formless, unseen power!
A voice, that gives us no reply,
A sound that shakes, we know not why.

I never hear it on the shore,
Concerted with the watery roar,
Or sweeping, where the sullen breeze,
Glides, like a spirit, through the trees,

Nor listen to its mustering wail,
When wintry tempests swell the gale,
But haunting fancies, dark and wild,
Brood like the dreams, that daunt a child.

Yet not the less, my battling soul
Springs, like a racer, to its goal ;
Can wring a joy, that else were pain,
When singing blasts cry o'er the main,
Hear music, in the mournful tune,
That softens on the gales of June,
And gather, from the fire-side tone,
A sad, sweet language, all its own.

THE POOR MAN.

“PLATE SIN WITH GOLD,” ETC.

THE world without is cold, dearest,
Nor heeds what we endure,
The hearts that dance in lighted halls
Care little for the poor ;
Some transient thought, some passing sigh,
Their well-bred pity knows,
But tears, that dim the sparkling eye,
Are shed for unfelt woes.

The proud one wraps his fur, dearest,
Around his muffled form,
And scarce the poor man’s scanty garb
Can shield him from the storm ;
They meet upon God’s common earth,
Beneath the same blue sky,
As ice to ice in Polar seas,
Each brother’s kindred eye.

By Cairo's lordly towers, dearest,
Or on the desert waste,
The Arab spreads his food and asks
The passer-by to taste ;
But what are spires that point to heaven,
And every formal prayer,
If hearts are dead to human love,
Nor own a brother's care ?

Oh, many a chariot rolls, dearest,
Along the rattling stones,
Whose wheels with every echo tell
Some wretched creature's groans ;
The poor man must be honest,
Who loses or who wins,—
No gilded veil, to cheat the crowd,
Conceals the poor man's sins.

But envy haunts me not, dearest,
To tread the halls of pride,
The poor man's heart has many a thought
Worth all the world beside ;

And oft he shares his little all,
Or shields the houseless one,
While lords of useless thousands sleep,
No daily mercy done.

We walk in shadows here, dearest,
Nor pierce through all the show,
But heaven still flings its blue above,
And spreads its green below ;
And demon forms may scowling stand,
For gilded vice to wait,
While angel hosts encamp around
The beggar in the gate.

And though my life is toil, dearest,
For thine and baby's fare,
There's One, who hears the ravens cry,
To make us still His care ;
Of this be sure, he most is poor,
Were boundless wealth his own,
And unforgiven of earth or heaven,
Who lives for self alone.

CALIGULA.¹

THE Pagan from his gorgeous bed,
 Of wroughten ivory chased with gold,
Bewildered, raised his restless head,
 When heart and life were growing old ;
The cruel dream, that fired his youth,
 And led the Man,—a faded thing,—
And through the wreck the spectre, Truth,
 Naked by life's exhausted spring.

At midnight through his echoing halls
 The purple mockery well might grope,
And hear his footsteps languid falls
 Announce despair, but never hope !

¹ Incitabatur insomnia maxime ; neque enim plusquam tribus nocturnis horis quiescebat ; ac non his quidem placida quiete, sed pavida miris rerum imaginibus ; ut qui, inter ceteras, PELAGI QUANDAM SPECIEM colloquenter secum videre visus sit.

SUETONIUS, *in vit. Calig.*

Oh, could he find, what never came,
Some boundless Lethe's generous flood,
To slake his heart's infuriate flame,
And wash his ocean-stain of blood !

And vassal guards, that shrank and cowered,
To meet their master's haggard eye,
And shook, as if a demon lowered,
When 'twas the Cesar tottered by !
His golden state,— his circled head,—
The pangs, that wrung the stifling groan,—
What slave would press his guilty bed,
To call the Roman's world his own ?

Oblivion ! 't were the dearest word,
That ever blessed prophetic strain ;
Be once those cooling waters poured,
The Cesar were himself again !
But no ! Dark lord of dreaded power !
Whom long his prophet-heart has warned,
Oblivion were too sweet a dower,
From angry gods he feared and scorned.

The Thracian, on that marbled floor,
In weary slumbers sweet and deep,
Roams o'er his wastes, a slave no more,—
What dreams disturb an Emperor's sleep ?
Resistless sway is all his own,
His own the globe's supreme command,
And thrills through earth's remotest zone
The menace of his lifted hand.

Some deep impending woe must shake
The heart beneath that purple pall !
Do hosts the Roman slumberers wake,
Goth, Vandal, Hun, or grisly Gaul ?
No, Rome still sleeps, and all the world
Yet pulsates with her mighty heart,—
Round *him* alone the shadow furled,
The Cesar's own peculiar part !

And there he glides, a livid thing,
Pale, glaring, feeble, fearing, feared,—
Oh say, what Furies round him cling,
This new Orestes, phantom-scared !

'THE SEA,—THE SEA !' wild, deep and drear,
Dim, dread, mysterious, undefined,
The Image of a formless fear,
A waste, void Horror — shakes his mind !

Ah conscience ! though the voiceless doom
No Roman seer might dare to tell,
The boding of that unknown gloom,
The fountain of thy living hell !
'T was BLOOD ! thou guilty creature, BLOOD !
The coming of an endless dread,
The swell of that relentless flood,
The PURPLE SEA thy hands had shed !

HARVEST ODE.

In elder days and softer climes,
Beneath the reign of Jove,
When Oreads peopled every hill,
And Dryads filled the grove,
Oft as the fields, in ripened charms,
The Autumn suns imbrowned,
To rustic Pan the simple swains
Their votive altars crowned.

And old and young alike, before
The verdant shrines appear,
With blushing flowers and golden fruits,
That blessed the closing year;
With wreaths and chaplets girt around,
The long procession came,
And swelling pipes and vocal joy
The harvest-hour proclaim.

Yet vainly rose the flowery turf,
And vainly pipe and song
Led gayly on the moonlit dance,
The festal hours along ;
For kindly summer's ripening beam
And showers of gentle rain,
To false and fabled gods they raised
Their hearts and hands in vain.

But we with Truth's enlightened eyes
Behold the ample store,
While every whispered hope has swelled
To perfect joy once more ;
With nobler homage bless the Power,
Whose bounty fills the board,
And praise with every grateful song
The Universal Lord !

Not theirs, alas, the glorious thoughts,
That range above the sky,
'Come, let us eat and drink,' they said,
'To-morrow shall we die ;'

For us, in every golden sheaf
And glittering flower, is given
The symbol of immortal hopes,
Beyond the bending Heaven.

Then oh, as each returning year
With clustering fruits is crowned,
And flushed with joy the smiling land
In beauty brightens round,
With grateful hearts and honors loud,
His praises let us own,
Whose endless goodness lives for us,
Eternal as His throne.

ODE, SUNG AT CAMBRIDGE, 1852

1.

BENEATH these shades, whose hallowed fame
All generous thoughts revere !
Within these Halls, of many a name
To hope and memory dear ;
Be thus, by meeting hearts and hands,
One fresher garland twined
Round sacred Learning's gathered bands,
To mingle mind with mind.

2.

The sage's lonely lamp might shine,
And in its light expire ;
And burning word or thought divine
Might perish in their fire ;

But caught from kindling soul to soul,
The flames effulgent spread,
And clasp in one immortal whole
The living and the dead.

3.

These brooding cares that round us rise,
And Life, foredoomed to toils,
Catch half a grace from social ties,
And live in genial smiles ;
And still when Wisdom lifts her brow,
Encrowned with flowery wreaths,
Then gleams her spirit's purest glow,—
Her noblest purpose breathes.

4.

Within the bosom's secret shrine
Immortal visions sleep,
Like gems that light the sullen mine,
Or pearls that strew the deep ;
But touched to life by kindred art,
The burning accents roll,—
Senate and Forum feel a heart,
And nations own a soul !

HARVEST ODE.

WHEN erst, by Eden's guarded gate,
The parents of our race
Reviewed the darkening prospect spread
O'er Nature's unknown face ;
Though all was lost, that crowned before
'The Garden's glowing soil,
Earth blessed our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

But simple thoughts and frugal wants
Their pastoral days revealed,
Who drove the plough, by Tubal wrought,
Across the primal field ;
Content, if seed-time's vernal hope
And harvest's jocund soil
Repaid our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

The Ages roll, — the nations fade, —
Till Earth's primeval plain,
Ungrateful, clasps the golden sun,
And drinks the silvery rain ;
But distant wilds have learned to bloom,
Like Nature's virgin soil,
That cheered our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

Yes, barren fields, that once but owned
Some desert-rover's tread,
Glow, blushing with the summer rose,
Or bear the bounteous bread ;
And there we bless the fruits and flowers,
Such as Earth's natal soil
First gave our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

For kindling Art, from distant lands,
And isles that gem the main,
Luxuriant blends their mingling stores,
To gladden all the plain ;

Till fields grow bright like Eden's bowers,
Before the untried soil
Had claimed our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

And thus let Art and Labor's train
Their glorious course pursue,
And blade, and ear, and perfect corn
The rolling year renew ;
And all the curse a blessing prove,
That made Earth's primal soil
Require our mother's fostering care,
Our father's manly toil.

HARVEST SONG.

ONCE more amidst the harvest fields
By Autumn's sun imbrowned,
With flowers and fruits and golden grain,
In rich luxuriance crowned ;
Behind our steps the Summer fades,
Before our eyes appear
The ripened hues, whose deeper glow
Bedecks the closing year.

Once more we 've seen the genial Earth
Fling Winter from her arms,
For us unfold her mighty heart,
And give us all her charms ;
And where we met the summer sun
Amidst the blaze of June,
We gather Nature's treasured stores,
Beneath the harvest moon.

Soon will the forest-leaves lie strown
And withered all around,
And voices of the coming storm
Sweep o'er the naked ground ;
The birds, that cheered the living air,
On wonted wing will fly
Where softer suns the fields renew,
To seek another sky.

Yet, while the circling seasons change,
And each resumes its reign,
Not ours with saddened thought to mark
The year's departing train ;
When hope that flushed the vernal hour
Completed joy becomes,
And plenty spreads her ample board
In glad and grateful homes.

Like men, we met our honest toils,
Beneath the glowing morn,
Like men, we bore the fervid noon,
Amidst the bending corn ;

And now our hearts, with thankful songs,
Would own the bounteous Power,
Whose goodness warmed the ripening sun,
And blessed the kindly shower.

And still, beneath thy fostering hand,
To seek thy gracious care,
May we and ours, to endless years,
Within thy courts repair;
Thine are our fields and flocks and herds,
And all that crowns our days,
And still to Thee, Almighty Lord,
Eternal be the praise.

LINES WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

Oh, sweet and gentle maiden,
At life's enchanting age,
I glance along thy gathered stores,
Upon the thoughtful page ;
Fair records of immortal minds,
Whose burning words unfold
Our struggling souls' emotions,
Which else were all untold.
And I 'an old diviner,'
As I read the written line,
See upon it and beneath it,—
Shall I tell what I divine ?

Listen then, oh fairest maiden,
How from signs I gather truth,
How I read the page before me,
And construe of thy youth.

Something of a restless spirit,
Quickly moved to smiles and tears,
But beneath are brooding fancies,
All too sad for brightening years ;
Thought, beyond thy girlhood's seeming,
Heart, like morning's purest dew,
And a soul, that seeks communion
With the generous, bold, and true.
Brimming full life's morning chalice,
Yet, within the gilded round,
Bubbling up immortal longings
For what earth has never found !

Yet, though no cloud has gathered
Its shadows on thy heart,
Nor mortal sorrow made itself
Of all thy life a part ;
Though hopes and joys surround thee,
And on thy summer hours
The smiles of home and friendship fall,
Like sunlight shed on flowers ;

54 LINES WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK.

Yet better thus, believe me,
Before the shadows come,
This softer, sadder, inward light
 Around thy spirit's home ;
For this, when smiles are fading,
 And earthly hopes decay,
Glows brighter, through the darkest night,
 And cheers the roughest day ;
Spreads through the soul a sober joy,
 As earthborn pleasure flies,
A gleam of kindred heaven,
 An earnest of the skies !

JENNY LIND.

WHENCE com'st thou, Jenny Lind,
Looking thus unkith'd, unkinn'd
With the crowd of common natures,—
But away, with higher creatures,
Claiming, somewhere, loftier birth,
'Twixt the heaven and the earth ?
Spirit,—soul,—voice,—breath,—oh say,
Art thou made of common clay ?
Soul, of Music's holiest tone,
Voice, from realms to earth unknown,
Spirit, gushing through all bound,
Breath, that faints in mellow sound,—
By what mortal nomenclature
Shall we call thee, glorious creature !

Like far-off notes, scarce heard,
Of midnight's sad sweet bird ;

Like sighs, that fall on flowers,
In summer's moonlight bowers ;
Like the wild-enchantment, born
Of the echo-wafting horn ;
Like the lark's song, as she springs,
On her day-saluting wings ;—
Sweet, oh sweet these melodies,
Fit to link us with the skies ;
But which, like thine, can give
Soul-thoughts to souls that live ?
Till each feels, within his breast,
'T is the tone he loves the best ;
Like a joy, that would be sad,
Like a pain, oh, almost glad,
So, through the breast and brain,
Thrills the heart-o'erladen strain,
And the vanquished soul hath known
Triumph,—rapture,—in a tone ;
And the spirit, all subdued
By the chantress to her mood,
Wakes at length, with wild surprise,
From a vision of the skies ;

And the soul comes lingering back
From some long-forgotten track ;
And plaudits long and loud
Burst from out the busy crowd ;
And the common beam, once more,
Flits along the chequered floor ; —
But that pale, pale face, so bright,
And those eyes' unearthly light,
And the deep, enchanting tone,
All have been, — and all are gone !

Then sing, sweet Jenny Lind !
Like the wooing evening wind,
When it meets the chorded strings,
And the changeful music rings ;
Oh, be still, as now thou art,
Sovereign mistress of the heart ;
To this world of sin and pain
Thou wert never sent in vain, —
And thy mission, pure and high,
Is on record in the sky !

BACCHUS AND THE FROGS.

FROM ARISTOPHANES.

"*Bρεκεκεκεξι, κύαξ, κύαξ!*"

Chorus of Frogs. Croak — croak — croak !

Bacchus. Well, well, — you may choke, —
I care not at all
How loudly you bawl,
This croaking, d' ye see,
It's nothing to me.

Leader of Frogs. We care not a jot,
If you like or not,
But as long as our throats
Can compass the notes,
We 'll sing, if we choke,
With our —

Chorus. Croak — croak — croak !

Bacchus. Base son of the pool !

Do you think I'm a fool
To be overcome thus ? —

Leader of Frogs. And shall you conquer us ?
No, no, let us try, —
I'll sing till I die.

Bacchus. Well, well, my good fellow,
I'll yell and I'll bellow,
'T is a shame and a sin
To give way to this din, —
So come on, hearts of oak, —
Chorus. Croak — croak — croak —
CROAK—CROAK—CROAK !

SHE'S FAIR AND FALSE.

SHE's fair and false ! that such a heart,
Should sully dwelling so divine !
Heaven's temple all the outward part,
But shame defiles the inner shrine.
Methought, bewildered by the grace,
That flowed on every tone and look,
My foolish heart might dare to trace
The fountain of so sweet a brook.

Of some clear lake he loves to think,
Who tracks the river's pleasant course,
And sighs at length to see it sink
In weeds and caverns, at its source.
Thus I, beguiled by many a dream,
That led through scenes of dazzling bloom,
Heart-sick beheld my fairy stream
Fade icy-cold in depths and gloom.

I MET THEE.

I MET thee when thy youthful charms
Were like the floweret's sweetest bell,
That secret hangs, remote from harms,
In nature's most secluded dell ;
Unconscious of life's noon-day glare,
Thine early hours had glided on,
In sweetness with its gentler air,
In brightness with its morning sun.

Scarce like a thing of mortal mould
I saw the lovely image rise,
So clear the spirit through its fold,
So kindred to its native skies.
Its graceful stem, earth's ruder blast
Might seem to break, that o'er it swept,—
Yet anguish could not paint the past
Like hope the future, while I wept.

YON LOVELY STAR.

Yon lovely star, that greets our eyes,
Oft as prevails descending night,
And lives divinely in the skies,
Forever pure, forever bright ;
Though clouds may often veil its face,
Or midnight tempests roll between,
They pass, and leave no single trace
On all its perfect beauty seen.

And thus, though clouds, with drooping wing,
May sometimes hover o'er thy way,
And human care and sorrow fling
Life's passing sadness on the day ;
Still, as these transient shadows roll,
May all thy spirit's lustre rise,
Undimmed the pathway of thy soul,
Bright and eternal in the skies.

STANZAS.

On lady, take these wilding flowers,
Earliest of Spring's reviving birth,
And emblems, in her freshening bowers,
Of all that's bright and best of earth.

In hue so sweet, so pure, so fair,
These symbols of divinest things,
Like maidens, court the summer air,
And shrink from Winter's icy wings.

But born from day's irradiant beam,
They caught these hues, so softly bright,
Live in the blaze, and only seem
More glorious for the dazzling light.

Far different law must she obey,
Their sister flower, the lovely maid,
And, shrinking from the glare away,
Owe all her beauties to the shade.

SONG.

Oh, 'tis merry and free, by the wild, wild sea,
Where the tumbling breakers dash and howl,
But we, who are boys of the greenwood tree,
Love the tossing bough and the forest-growl.
And over the prairie, away, away,
What wave so swift as our forest-steeds !
We sling our rifles, ere peep of day,
And ho ! for the glades, where the wild-deer feeds.

At the wintry morn, when with circling flow
The dancing blood to the keen air springs,
We're on and away, o'er the tinkling snow,
That under our tread with a music rings ;
And the silvery sparkles flash and fly
From the iron hoofs, that are fleet and strong,
And the gray quail starts, with her whistling cry,
And the partridge whirrs, as we dash along.

And over our saddles, while day is bright,
We fling the dun-deer and the prairie bird,
And hey, for the eyes, that will dance in light,
When the homeward tramp of our steeds is heard !
Oh, this is the life of the woodsman free,
In his hut by the clearing, wild and rude,
Though 'tis merry and free, by the glad, glad sea,
Yet ours be the joy of the green wild wood !

SONG.

Oh, 't is said, far away, o'er the blue-rolling wave,
There are islands of verdure, unchanging and bright,
Where the wind has a voice, like a shell's from its cave,
That can lull the whole soul in a dream of delight.

There the murmur of ocean, that falls on the shore,
Faints in distance away with a music-like tone,
And the sweet-singing bird tunes his love-laden lore,
Under bowers whose bright roses forever are blown.

And the glory of summer, so freshly and green,
Flings its loveliness over them all the year long,
And the days melt away, like a fairy-built scene,
'Mid the rapture of beauty and fragrance and song.

Oh, there could we fly, till the world and its schemes,
Like some cloud-gathered pageant, grew distant and
dim,

There the light of our life should be paradise-dreams,
And its music all nature's perpetual hymn !

Let the delver for gold, with his wearisome care,
Grope for heart-chilling treasures, that freeze as we
clasp,

And the minion of fame for that phantom of air,
Chase the fanciful bubbles, that break in the grasp ;

But dearer than all, of which poets have told,
Were our life and our love in those magical isles,
Where the heart's daily sunshine could never grow
cold,
And our hopes and our joys fed forever on smiles.

SONG.

YES, they say that the beautiful flowers
Are types, in their sweet degree,
Of the dear ones we love so fondly,
But where can be type of thee, dearest,
Oh, where can be type of thee ?

And the echo of far-away music,
Over waters still and lone,
Is like woman's dear voice when sweetest,
But thine has its own sweet tone, dearest,
But thine has its own sweet tone.

If, like stars in the blue that's above us,
There be gentle eyes that glow,
Yet there's none to compare in heaven
With *one* love-lit beam below, dearest,
With *one* love-lit beam below.

And though beauty and softness and brightness
Are all of them things divine,
Yet music and flowers and starlight
Have none of them charms like thine, dearest,
Have none of them charms like thine.

Oh, the heart, oh, the heart's the enchanter,
And bright all its dream shall be,
Since thou art my own and my darling,
And I am thine all to thee, dearest,
And I am thine all to thee.

SONG.

DARLING eyes, where smiles are waking,
Through the mist of dewy tears,
Like the morning grayly breaking,
Ere the golden day appears ;
Half-way sad, like shaded moonlight,
Through the covert's chequered leaves,
Half-way sweet, as stars that midnight
On the broidered azure weaves.

Darling eyes, forever changing
With some feeling dear and new,
Every soft emotion ranging,
But the soul still gushing through ;
Now with falcon glances gleaming,
Underneath the lifted lid,
Now with love's enchantments beaming,
Half behind their fringes hid.

Darling eyes, where ever hovering,
In the sunshine or the shower,
Looks the spirit through its covering,
As beneath a gem a flower ;
Oh, for every sweet confession,
Each a world's delights above,
All we know is one expression,
And the word we say is, Love.

LOVE.

MEN tell us love is only vain,
A fleeting shade, an empty cheat,
Though down from Eden's bowers, 'tis plain,
The world has chased that fond deceit.

Some nobler hope, these graybeards name,
As worthiest of the manly heart,
The ruddy gold,— the sounded fame,—
The glow of thought, and wreath of Art.

Methinks, the sage may con his theme,
Till nature's flickering flame expire,—
Life were, indeed, a worthless dream,
If only these could wake its fire !

But Love, still sovereign as of old,
Makes them his slaves obedient move,
And Fame and Art and sullen Gold,
And conquering Genius bend to Love.

AH, FOOLISH HEART.

Ah, foolish heart, through all whose pulses rushes
This tumult of emotions, wild and deep,
Ah, what hast thou to do with sighs and blushes,
Love's fatal hopes and fears, that fain would sleep !

Were it not better, through life's sullen journey,
Safe from deluding snares to walk unmoved,
And mingling, manful, in the knightly tourney,
Ask never for thy guerdon,— to be loved !

Toss, if thou wilt, upon the battling ocean,—
'Mid the rude cannonade look calmly on,—
Nor fear their power, to stir in wild commotion
One half the thoughts this traitor Love has done.

Yet who can steel his heart? oh sweet deceiver!

That cheats the surest him who guards it most,
Lulls into dreams secure the fond believer,
Nor wakes the spirit's doubt, till all is lost.

Yet, yet, false heart, farewell, farewell forever!

It were but death thus, thus to live and ache,
And though the struggle every life-string sever,
I trample on my heart, and bid it break.

EPITHALAMIUM.

SOUND,—sound the notes of joy,
Sweet pipe, and tabret, ring !
And every trembling string
Let the high harp employ ;
Give the heart's voice to words,—
Bid them responsive roll,
While song's enraptured soul
Leaps glowing from the golden chords.

Exulting be the strains,
When, fresh from mingling hearts,
Life's dearest impulse starts,
And Love immortal reigns.
Beauty, with manhood's pride !
Now, the full concert bring,—
Now, hymeneals sing,—
Welcome, the bridegroom and the bride.

He comes, the bridegroom comes !
Behold what generous grace,
And how his manly face
The kindled soul illumes !
Fill high, — let wine-cups flow, —
Wish all his life's bright stream
Glad as their sparkling beam,
And years and honors wreathes his brow.

And she, the blushing bride !
Of all the lovely band,
Lead her, with gentle hand,
The loveliest to his side.
Ah, from earth's fairest bower,
What, that most rich is there,
Can grace her mazy hair !
Joy, joy to her, — Love's sweetest flower !

Now she, his own, — his own, —
And he, her heart, — her life, —
By the dear name of ‘ wife,’
And ‘ husband’s’ household tone !

Home's old unfading blaze
Grant them, oh Power divine,
True as their truth to shine,
And endless blessings crown their days !

SONNET.

Two maidens, precious as the morning dew,
No shafted marble half so lily-fair,
Save the peach-tinge upon the cheek, and hair
Glossy with brightness in its midnight hue ;
Two gallant lovers, gentle, fond and true,
Manly and bold, in life's emblossomed spring,
Love, sovereign in the midst, with folded wing,
One eye, one thought, one heart for either two ;
A wedding garland and a bridal bed,—
A funeral chant, a flowret's broken stem,—
This, fresh on manhood's breast, a living gem,
That, on its flowery stalk, withered and dead ;—
Oh Life ! to end with earth's unequal doom,—
Oh moment's sun and shade ! oh Heaven's eternal
bloom !

SONNET.

He, from her lip and cheek and matchless brow,
And orient heaven of her unrivalled eyes,
Drew kisses sweeter than the dew that lies
Where banks of flowery bloom their odors throw ;
She, like the Night, whose softest summer glow
With starry lustre bathes the earth and sky,—
He, as the Morn, that lingering, loth to go,
In her embracing beauty fain would die.
And Love, no shadow of that bright estate,
Known but by shadows to the cold and vain,
But infinite in joy, or in its pain
Beyond all antidote of mortal date,—
Such love from eye, lip, cheek, brow, soul, he drew,
Stamped with its living seal, till love immortal grew.

SONNET.

SAY not, 'we part ;'— Sweet love, we part no more,
Souls linked like ours nor chance nor change disjoin ;
Just like a prodigal, whose latest coin
He flings in fortune's face,— its lavish store,
My spendthrift heart's last treasure do I pour
At thy dear feet. Alas, how far away,
In the dark city pent, and every day
Conning my long-learnt lesson o'er and o'er,
So taught of thee ! Thou, by the sea-beat shore,
Listenest a thousand voices ; but one tone
Dwells on thy heart, and will be heard alone,
Whispering forever, through the breakers' roar,
That sad sweet language soul reveals to soul,
Though oceans swell between, from icy pole to pole.

SONNET.

METHINKS it sweeter were to love thee so,—
So young, so pure, so dear, so sacred grown,
Far, far from thee, and nevermore to know
Or look, or touch, or love's delirious tone ;
Like some pale pilgrim to an altar lone,
Who finds but ruins, when he seeks the spot,—
To be where thou hast been, and see thee not,
And Hope's fresh statue but an idol gone,—
Dearer were this, (if Fate will work such woe)
Than other earthly love, however blest,—
Still thy sweet image to my beating breast,
Through the long day, monotonous and slow,
I clasp,—'tis mine,—and o'er me, every night,
Looks down thy fair young face and makes my mid-
night bright.

EPICEDIUM.

NEVERMORE ! ah, nevermore !
Soul's deep voice of true heart-aching,
Nevermore !
With a struggle and a waking,
Life and hope have done leave-taking,
And the spirit learns the tone
Nevermore to be unknown,
Nevermore !

Nevermore ! ah, nevermore !
Be no words of grief let fall,
This one word says sorrow's all,
Nevermore !
Let thy palms enclasp thy face,
Drowning tears shall ne'er erase
This stern word, nevermore !
Fold thine arms upon thy breast,
Where the world of woe is prest,

In thy bosom, dark and deep,
Shall thy busy fancies rest

Nevermore !

Now thou canst not shake apart
The mists around thy heart,
Where the stifling shadows creep,
Like dreams that trouble sleep,
When we wake with strange surprise,
And the tears are in our eyes.

And a voice is ever heard,
Dread as ocean's unknown word,

Where their chiming even-song
Sadly chant the waves along,
Over wrecks down deep below,
Singing ever as they flow,
And, in murmurs far away,
Seem the mingling tones to say,

Nevermore !

Nevermore ! ah, nevermore !
All thy strength, alas, is sold,
And thy life is high and bold

Nevermore !

Now the silver chord is loosed,
And the fountain all unused,
And hope is dead and cold
In the goblet's charmèd gold ;
Nor the flashing bubbles swim,
Gushing o'er the beaded brim ;
And the almond flings its shade
Where the sunny waters played.
The daylight comes and goes,
The lily and the rose,
And the voice, that haunts the gale,
Sings a low and mournful wail,
Like the shadow of a tone,
Loved so well ! but dead and gone ;
And for thee nor sight nor voice
Bids thy soul again rejoice,
 Nevermore !
Summer seems an idle thing,
And thou know'st not it is Spring,
Since the storm and frozen shower
Passed upon the faded flower,
 Nevermore !
Ah, wild word, Nevermore !

Nevermore ! ah, nevermore !
On the lea the golden flowers
Tell of memory's gentle hours,
And the fields contented lie
Underneath the purple sky ;
And the springing grass is sweet,
In its vesture at thy feet ;
The fringed lake lies still,
In the shadow of the hill ;
Through his halls, in glory drest,
Walked the bridèd sun to rest,
And the pleasant stars look through
The calm and holy blue ;
Liquid whispers, faint and soft,
Stir the budding leaves aloft ;
Now and then, some sweet-tongued bird,
From the copse, hard-by, is heard ;
Far away, a mellow tone,
And the voice is Ocean's own,—
Nevermore ! weep nevermore !
Leaves, that Autumn scattered, lying,
Dearest things, forever dying, .

Say, thy language gives but tone
To thy brother's stifled moan.

Nevermore ! weep nevermore !
Lovely things, that round us rise,
Are but shadows of the skies,
Each an imaged beauty furled
Round the inner spirit-world.

Nevermore ! oh, never weep,
That she seemed to fall asleep !
Calm'd to peace, within thy breast,
Let thy troubled fancies rest ;
Wringing heart-aches come no more,

Nevermore !
Bid the fretting tempest roar,—
She hath found the quiet shore,
And the golden flowers are sweet
Round about her silvery feet,
And the sunshine of her youth
Floats on seas of perfect truth ;
No bewildering dreams arise
On her soft and tranquil eyes,
Nor brooding troubles throng,
Nor deceit can do her wrong,

And the sorrow and the pain
Shall be nevermore again !

Nevermore !

Ah, sweet word, nevermore !

Now dull despairs are dead,
And a star is on thy head,
Where thy locks are waving bright
In the new celestial light ;
Hope forever shakes her wings,
And a voice within thee sings ;
With an upward aspect now
Looks thy meek and holy brow,
And a glory and a joy
Is thy solemn, sweet employ ;
Life immortal all before,
And a shadow falls no more !

Nevermore !

Ah, sweet word, never more !

SONNET.

OH friend, whose genial spirit, by the gift
Of a most bounteous nature, flings a shower
Of magic light along life's shadowed hour ;
As when day's sovereign lord, behind the rift
Of summer's brooding cloud, but looks, to lift
Incumbent heaviness from earth and sky,
With the bright beam of his exulting eye ;
Think not the spirit's course, whose silent drift
Flows on more calmly than the sparkling stream,
Is sad though thoughtful, or must, therefore, seem
From secret care to need some healing shrift ;
Thine be, forever fresh and never coy,
The soul's bright mood ; yet not less cheerful deem
The steadfast lustre of a sober joy.

SONNET.

A STATESMAN.

STAUNCH at thy post, to meet life's common doom,
It scarce seems death, to die as thou hast died ;
Thy duty done, thy truth, strength, courage, tried,
And all things ripe for the fulfilling tomb !

A crown would mock thy hearse's sable gloom,
Whose virtues raised thee higher than a throne,
Whose faults were erring Nature's, not his own,—
Such be thy sentence, writ with Fame's bright plume,
Amongst the good and great ; for thou wast great,
In thought, word, deed,—like mightiest ones of old,—
Full of the honest truth, which makes men bold,
Wise, pure, firm, just ; the noblest Roman's state
Became not more a Ruler of the free,
Than thy plain life, high thoughts and matchless con-
stancy.

SONNET.

PHILOSOPHY.

τὸν καλὸν.

THROUGHOUT the world in vain, in vain they sought
Some solid good to fill the restless mind ;
The long desired, but still unfound, to find,
The heart's last refuge and the goal of thought ;
What, in its depths, the burning soul has wrought
Of visions moulded with consuming fire,
And all that sprang spontaneous to the lyre,
In harmonies of golden words, they caught ;
Upon the mountain-top, where silence broods,
They questioned of the stars ; and by the shore
Asked of its waves, and pondered all the lore
Of peopled plain, or taught in solemn woods ;
Without,—within,—alas, how vain the quest !
Nor mind, nor nature breathed Heaven's holiest whisper, **REST.**

SONNET.

CHRISTIANITY.

Lo, in the East a star ! the orient shade,
Unfolding, utters Heaven's unwonted gleam ;
And now the holy light its gracious beam
Rests o'er the place where the young Child is laid.
Behold, the wise men come,— with gifts arrayed,
Gold, myrrh, frankincense,—while on Bethlehem's plain
The shepherds catch, enraptured though afraid,
Of heaven's bright host the life-assuring strain.
Death, in the shadow of his valley's gloom,
Apparent king, hears the glad sound, — and dies ;—
‘Immortal life !’ shouts the re-opening tomb, —
‘Immortal life !’ the exulting host replies !
Nature's long doubt is solved ; that light from far
Still brightening kindles faith, lo, in the East a star !

SONNET.

I. CORINTHIANS, xv.

O FOOL ! To judge that He, who from the earth
Created man, cannot his frame restore,
The scattered elements from every shore
Call back, and clothe with a celestial birth !
See from its sheath the buried seed break forth,
Blade, stalk, leaf, bud, and now the perfect flower,
Changing and yet the same ; and of His power
A token each ! And art thou counted worth
Less than the meanest herb ? Changed from the dust,
And little lower than the angels made,
More changed by sin, to death itself betrayed,
Yet heir of heaven by an immortal trust !
Doubter unwise, in reason's narrow school,
Well might the great Apostle say, ' Thou fool ! '

SONNET.

MATTHEW XXI., 5.

HE comes, a King ! what splendors gird him round,
Jewel and sceptre and the circled gold !
What hosts, what princes of the realms of old,—
The chafing squadron and the clanging sound !
A King ! Not such his advent ! To the ground
Cast palms and garments, and hosannas sing ;
This is the Lord of Heaven ! Creation's King !
Yet pomp nor state his earthly throne surround ;
His throng the poor and humble, sons of shame,
Who crowd his steps and on his message wait ;
A beggar's beast His seat to Zion's gate,
And these His triumphs and His might proclaim ;
No worldly kingdom thine, or homage vain,
Throned in the heart alone, O Lord, thy sovereign
reign !

DEDICATION HYMN.

How glorious, Lord, thine earthly temples rise !

And every solemn spire, that meets the sky,
Draws Heaven, descending, nearer to our eyes,
And lifts the rising soul to worlds on high.

In dens and mountain caves, thy saints of old,
Through clouds and darkness, sought the promise
given,
Our brighter vision bids us view unrolled
Thy glories beaming in the blaze of Heaven.

Up to thy holy name, our fathers' God !
How oft our lips the cheerful song have raised !
In doubt and fear thy sacred courts they trod,
And praised thy love, but trembled while they praised.

Even here, where nature breathes so calm and still,
And all is peaceful as thy holy word,
In arms they prayed, and stood to hear thy will,
And grasped their warlike weapons, as they heard.

Their quiet graves are lying all around,
And long have slept their trials, doubts and fears,
And mossy stones, that lowly press the ground,
Record their tale of twice a hundred years.

Oh, for their fervent, simple hearts of yore !
The zeal they felt,—the conquering faith they knew !
For this we'd welcome all the toils they bore,
And joyful seize their final victory too.

Yet, while an evil age thy truth perverts,
The plain and sacred truth our ears have heard,
And light but darkens, in their wandering hearts,
The gospel glories brightening round thy word ;

Yet, Lord ! on us bestow thine ancient grace,
As dews descending bless this holy sod,
That children's children here, an unborn race,
May know and prove thee still their fathers' God !

HYMN,

FOR THE RE-DEDICATION OF A MEETING-HOUSE REPAIRED.

THY temple stands, oh God of grace !
Above our thought, beneath our tread,
Its ample floor unmeasured space,
Its arch with worlds unnumbered spread.

Yet, though not all creation's bound
Thy power contains, thy glory tells,
Within thine earthly courts are found
The places where thy Spirit dwells.

Thus, on our sires, an honored race,
Thy love descended like the rain,
While here they met to seek thy face,
Nor sent a prayer to Heaven in vain.

These sacred walls thy truth have heard
From fervent heart and burning tongue,
And long the message of thy word
Has cheered the old and led the young.

This earthly temple of thy praise,
How glorious, and how dear its name !
Thy blessing crowned its ancient days,
Thy promised blessing stands the same.

Still, on that Rock in Zion laid,
May here thy church triumphant rise,
Thy truth its deep foundations made,
Its hope eternal in the skies !

Nor gorgeous rites, nor shrines of gold
Within these sacred precincts be,—
But grant the fervent faith of old,
To bind us closer, Lord, to Thee !

And still, while ages roll away,
May each successive race appear,
Here learn to love and praise and pray,
And find their God, their Saviour here !

HYMN.

GREAT God ! how vain our lives can be,
Forgetful of their true estate !
Our wandering spirits fly from thee,
Relinquish heaven and tempt their fate.

Yet what a dream, if this were all,—
To gain the world and win but loss !
To feel its chiefest pleasures pall,
To grasp its gold, and find it dross.

Oh, could we taste those living springs,
That flow through all the heavenly road,
And feel the soul's expanded wings,
Reviving, mount to thine abode !

But doubts and fears, like cloud on cloud,
Around us fling their gloomy screen,
And sin grows up, a frightful shroud,
Our hearts, and oh, our heaven between.

Strange, thus to slight immortal birth,
To chase each transient shade that flies,
And for the baseless things of earth
Forego our title to the skies !

Yet thus we cling to time's control,
And wasted hopes to earth are given,
Till God recalls the wandering soul,
And to the weary opens heaven.

THE FUTURE.

Oh Future, deep and vast !
What echoes of the Past
Shall give thy language some familiar tone ?
Dark sweeps the shadowy train
Of thine abysmal reign,
The Unfathomable rolls, but voice has none !

Once, there were opening skies,
And seraph-like replies
To man's high spirit, strong in truthful love,
Heaven had celestial songs,
And Earth a thousand tongues,
By shadowy steep and every whispering grove.

But now the heavens are dim,
And nature's forest-hymn
Is but the breathing wind's mysterious wail ;
And silent look on earth
Stars, that in song broke forth,
Choired with God's sons, creation's dawn to hail.

Seer and priest are dumb,
Nor guests angelic come,
With sweet familiar converse, as of old ;
No prophet-visions roll,
To touch man's longing soul
With fire from out thine adamantine fold.

Nor now, in nightly dreams,
Come Heaven's communing gleams,
Nor awful counsel guides the doubtful day ;
Nor jewelled ephods rest
Upon the priestly breast,
As erst when Aaron's sons inquired the way.

Vocal, in nature's prime,
Some legend of the time
Made hill and vale and bright responsive stream ;
But dark and fabled gods,
Who held those old abodes,
Fled with the morn, dissolved, a spectral dream.

No more, with garlands led,
The victim's crownèd head
Bows down before the altar's flowery mound,
Nor all the shouting crowd,
With hymns and pæans loud,
Take up the Flamen's chant, with solemn sound.

Nor now, on festal days,
Above their songs of praise,
The mystic oracle's responses rise,
Nor yet, by fane and shrine,
'Mid rites they deemed divine,
The UNKNOWN GOD they darkly sought replies.

No more, by elfin grot,
Or sweet enchanted spot,
The moonlight people dance their fairy round ;
Nor shadowy forms, half-seen,
Trip o'er the rustic green,
Or steal, with flitting step, through haunted ground.

But though our wiser years
Deride their mystic fears,
And fond illusions of the days of old,
We love a darker night,
While morn's resplendent light
Pours all its orient streams of flooded gold.

And broke is many a chain,
Enwreathed, oh, not in vain,
That linked us, spirits, to the spirit-shore ;
And thus we plod by day,
And grope our nightly way,
To Heaven's far bourne, a neighbor-strand no more.

At Sinai's awful base,
The Prophet hid his face,
Lest God's reflected glory should appear,
But round our hearts the veil
Folds its enclouding trail,
Else were we close to Him, to us so near !

And though forever stand,
In the eternal land,
The living pastures spread with deathless flowers,
Dull hangs the mortal screen
Heaven and our hearts between,
And shrouds the gates of pearl and sapphire towers.

Thus is the spirit-world
In clouds and darkness furled,
Our souls shut out the simple truths of yore ;
Our spirits' flickering gleams
Illume but faded dreams,
Whose light is dark,—the vision comes no more.

And though the things we clasp
Are bubbles in our grasp,
We count it wisdom still to chase the cheat ;
And Faith has grown too cold
To pierce the sullen mould,
Wrapt round the life within, Heaven's wonted seat.

Oh Future, deep and vast !
The spirit of the Past
Had gleams of glory from the homeward sky ;
But mute thine ocean rolls
To our reluctant souls,
And shadows fall thy waves, without reply !

MEMORY AND HOPE.

MEMORY has a sister fair,
Blue-eyed, laughing, wild and glad,
Oft she comes, with jocund air,
When her twin-born would be sad ;
Hand-in-hand I love them best,
And to neither traitor prove,
Both can charm the aching breast,
Scarce I know which most to love.

Memory has a downcast face,
Yet 'tis winning, sweet and mild,
Then comes Hope, with cheerful grace,
Like a bright enchanting child.
Now, I kiss this rosy cheek,
And the dimpling beam appears,
Then, her pensive sister seek,
She too smiles, through pleasant tears.

Thus the heart a joy may take,
Else it were but hard to win,
And a quiet household make,
Where no jealousies come in.
If thy spirit be but true,
Love like this is sure to last,—
Happy he, who weds the two,
Hopeful Future,—lovely Past.

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